PR
5249
R35n

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

NAOMI;

A DRAMATIC POEM:

AND OTHER PIECES.

BY MISS ROUSE,

AUTHOR OF

"Genius and the Scholar;" "Triumph of Virtue," &c.

"———Behold the ways
Of heaven's eternal destiny to man;
For ever just, benevolent, and wise."

Akenside.

LONDON:
HAMILTON, ADAMS AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW.
NORWICH:
JARROLD AND SONS, LONDON STREET.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/naomidramaticpoe00rous

PR
5249
R35.7L

TO

THE MOST NOBLE

THE MARCHIONESS OF CHOLMONDELEY,

THESE POEMS

ARE

BY PERMISSION

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HER LADYSHIP'S

DEEPLY OBLIGED

AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHORESS.

829802

PREFACE.

Authors have generally taken a *spiritual* view of this fine subject, and the writer of these lines is deeply indebted to a literary friend of acknowledged learning and abilities for much information on this head; but conscious that such a view of the case requires deep, important, and devoted reflection, she confines herself to *temporal* facts, fearing *she* might tread too lightly on "holy ground."

Among the many beautiful and interesting characters of scripture, there are none more attractive than the exemplary Naomi, and the amiable Ruth. The former is a model of maternal love—the latter of dignified humility, unshaken firmness, and filial tenderness. Those who cannot follow the destiny of this sweet character with intense interest, weep at her youthful trials, and rejoice in the elevation which rewarded her exalted virtue, must be dead to the best feelings of enlightened minds.

Many of the busy actors on life's busy stage, and some amid those who tread the velvet avenue of affluence, are unmindful how frequently the same touching scenes might appear to them, were they not too busy, or too careless to observe, and too negligent of their duty to assist. Yet, grateful remembrance must add, there are in the highest ranks of life, those who delight to smooth the rugged path of adversity, and to cheer the gloom of affliction by the sunlight of kindness. The unparalleled beauties of

scripture are too little known, and too lightly appreciated, by the young. The hope that a by-path, humble though it be, may lead some to tread the expansive plain of holy writ, has induced the authoress to choose this style of subject—not presuming to suppose it derives one attraction from its present garb which can be compared with the original. Human composition, *when* beautiful, can never compete with the heroic ardour, solemn majesty, and exquisitely touching pathos which characterize the volume of inspiration.

The incidents are such as will find an echo in many a heart; and should one child of pride feel how inferior are rank and wealth to virtue—should one lonely Naomi receive comfort, and one daughter of misfortune, whose heart, like Ruth's, has been blighted in the spring time of life, derive solace from her reward, and be incited to toil up the steep and rugged path of duty, the writer will not regret the motive nor the deed.

T. R.

NAOMI;

A DRAMATIC POEM.

"Before honour is humility."—*Prov.* xv. 33.

"Of all the graces which adorn thy youth,
I with unfeigned affection must commend
Thy tried humility. Here thou dwell'st,
Content with toil and careless of repose,
And (harder still for an ingenious mind)
Content to be obscure."

Hannah More.

"Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind;
A spirit, that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On fortune's smile or frown:
That could, without regret or pain,
To virtue's lowliest duty sacrifice,
Or interest's, or ambition's highest prize."

Lyttleton.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Naomi	Kinsman
Ruth	Citizens
Orpah	Reapers, &c.
Boaz	

The subject is taken from the four chapters of the Book of Ruth

Scene—*First in Moab; then in Bethlehem.*

NAOMI;

A DRAMATIC POEM.

PART FIRST.

SCENE—*In Moab.*—NAOMI, RUTH, ORPAH.

NAOMI.

Adieu, fond hope! and every bliss below;
Fraught to the brim is now my cup of woe;
The fondest ties dissolved that bound me here;
My sons are gone, and one more wildly dear;
He, whose lov'd voice was music to my ear,
Whose step could wake an echo in my heart,
Whose slightest woe could agony impart—
Nay, all that bound me to the world are gone,
And I must seek my native land—*alone!*

RUTH.

No, not alone; the scenes I loved in youth,
With all the ardour of undoubting truth,
That tell of visions beautiful and bright,
Which thrill the bosom when the heart is light,

Those scenes, that wake the spirit from life's dream,
Shew what we *were*—we *are*—and *might* have been,
And early friends, nay, all of bliss to me,
Shall cease to chain my heart—I'll go with thee.

NAOMI.

Ah! whither go? Hast thou not learned to know
No cordial greeting waits the child of woe?
Kisses light not on poverty's pale cheek,
Nor soft embraces clasp her form so bleak;
When forth by want extreme her form is driven,
Earth is her couch—her canopy is heaven:
'Mid all that tempt the child of wealth to roam,
Where are grief's friends? ah! where misfortune's home?

ORPAH.

Seek, mother dear! thy home of early years;
Oh! weep not thus, and fresh call forth our tears:
Accept the tribute of a filial heart;
We have been one, and wherefore should we part?

NAOMI.

Alas, my daughters! therefore do I mourn,
That ye in youth are friendless and forlorn;
The long subdued, long tried, and broken heart,
Sees little here from which it could not part;
But, when affliction lights on untried youth,
How stern, how sad, is the unwelcome truth!

Oh! how it chills the warm aspiring soul,
Checks the fond plan, and rising hopes controul,
Chains the light step, the cheek's soft roses fades,
Dims the bright eye, and earth's glad prospect shades;—
But how I roam! how long is sorrow's lay!
Time flies, and we must part; then let us pray.

(They kneel,)

Supreme One! hear
The breathings of an aching heart;
The spirit's prayer,
That feels Thy keen afflicting dart.
Alas! stern death
Has torn my dearest friends away;
Their darting breath
I fondly watch'd from day to day—
Ah! then, could grief
And sorrow's agonizing wail
Obtain relief,
And bid retiring hope prevail?—
Could burning tears,
And anguish that the spirit tried,
Move heaven's bright spheres,
Those fondly-lov'd ones had not died.
I will not paint the last drear scene;
Yet now, methinks I sit beside
Those dear ones, who so fond had been,
And felt death could indeed divide:
And when, with grief I cannot tell,
The parting glance I sobbing gave,
And breath'd a sad, a *last* farewell,

They came and bore them to the grave.
There are, who wish my coming doom
May not more sad, more blighting be;
Alas! can grief one form assume
That has not been survey'd by me?
And now, my spirit stands erect,
Life's desolating ills to bear;
And to preserve from keen neglect,
Young hearts, I offer up my prayer.
Yes, in this parting hour, this time of need,
Thou, orphan's Friend! for these, for these, I plead:
Life with its thousand paths before them lies;
Hope forward looks, then in the bosom dies;
Alas! can they whose every stay is gone,
By all neglected—in the world *alone*—
Can they, with calm reflective choice, decide
On paths that inexperience never tried?
Then oh! guide Thou!—direct their youthful feet,
In virtue's sacred path, to joy's retreat;
Watch o'er their helpless state, their steps attend,
And though all others leave, be Thou their Friend;
And when we meet again, (for here no more
May we together worship and adore)
Oh may it be where life's dark ills are o'er!

(They rise, weeping.)

And now farewell; once more I'll kiss those brows,
And those smooth cheeks, so pale with stifled woes:
Weep not, nor deem earth's sweetest pleasures fled;
Around the thorn the brightest tints are spread;
Excessive anguish oft real joy precedes;

Humility's low vale to honour leads ;
Go, be the kindness ye have lov'd to shed
On me, and on the dear departed dead,
Return'd to you, why linger now—the heart
Shrinks from the *last* embrace as from a dart ;
Yet vain this agony of grief, we sever—
Perhaps for some few years—perhaps for ever.

ORPAH.

My mother ! dear, unchanging, faithful one !
How shall I miss thy gentleness of tone,
Thy tender soothing glance, thy kind fond air ;
The world is cold, such kindness is not there ;
I'll seek the early scenes I long to view,
Be every blessing thine, adieu, adieu.

(She leaves them.)

NAOMI.

And thou, my daughter, wherefore linger now ?
Before her idol gods will Orpah bow ;
My path henceforth must be a path of woe,
Then wherefore, gentle being, wherefore go ?

RUTH.

In joy my heart may waver, not in grief ;
When storms rise high I ask not earth's relief :
Then, strength proportion'd to my task is given,
That energy of mind which comes from heaven.
The world may sternly crush a mortal frame,

Take liberty and life, blight purest fame;
But far beyond its puny power to bind,
Is that undying spark, the lofty mind!
Let the proud scorn, let power its sceptre shake,
The wicked triumph, all the world forsake—
Serenely wrapt in its own conscious worth,
It has a peace which is not of this earth,
And on the mean, the proud, the base, the vain,
Looks down with *pity*, rather than disdain:
Too rais'd its hopes beyond this changing sphere,
To prize *their* favor, or their hate to fear;
To think, to speak, to act, above their power,
Nerve the high soul to meet life's darkest hour.
Hear then my fix'd resolve—nor seek to change
The purpose of my heart, so fondly strange:
Where'er thou goest, with fair or blighted name,
'Mid poverty or wealth, 'mid scorn or fame,
In want or plenty—happiness or woe,
Or path bestrewed with each, I'll with thee go:
Thy lot, thy people, and thy God be mine;
Nor death itself shall part me from thy shrine;
For where thou liest in the arms of death,
Shall my last resting be—words are but breath:
But oh! may He who reads my inmost soul,
Each wavering impulse of my will controul,
And with kind love, or judgment, deal with me,
As I perform, or slight, my vows of love to thee.

PART SECOND.

SCENE—*In Bethlehem.*—NAOMI, RUTH, CITIZENS.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Is this Naomi? Oh how sadly chang'd,
Since here in youth with bouyant step she rang'd;
Grief then indeed can alter! See, her cheek
Has that expression which can volumes speak:
Corroding sorrow marks that lofty brow,
Tells in her eye a lengthen'd tale of woe;
More eloquent than words is there express'd
The spirit's conflict, and its dread unrest—
Is this Naomi?

NAOMI.

Cease to call me so;
Now call me Mara, for a heavier blow
Than earth can give, has laid my fond hopes low.
Full of earth's joys I left my early home;
Stripp'd of those valued treasures I return;
What cloud hangs o'er the scenes once bright and fair?
To me they are no longer what they *were;*
All nature seems with gentle plaint to mourn,
And with low wail to welcome my return:
Where are her peerless beauties? and oh! where
The young companions that I lov'd, so dear?
Strange looks are round me, wherefore did I come?
These are not those I lov'd, this is not home!

CITIZENS.

Naomi dear !
We are the lov'd, the loving still;
But anguish drear
Can clothe all objects as it will:
Youth's ardent fire
Has vanish'd from these alter'd eyes,
And conflicts dire
May seem to cloud these sunny skies—
They are the same,
But *we* no longer what we were;
For what can tame
The gayest heart, like heavy care ?
Still you shall find
We are not thus so chang'd in *heart*,
But true, and kind,
As when we saw thy steps depart;
And let us bow
Meekly before Jehovah's throne,
And breathe a vow,
To live to Him, and Him alone:
And o'er the *past*,
Oh, let oblivion's mystic veil
Be gently cast,
For what can deepest grief avail!

PART THIRD.

SCENE—*Cornfield.*—RUTH *gleaning.*

RUTH.

Nature ! calm soother of my troubled mind,
Abroad with thee I leave all cares behind :
When anguish rises far above control,
And there is tumult in my harrow'd soul,
I hasten from the busy haunts of men,
To thy green fields, or lone secreted glen :
And when I look upon thy clear blue sky,
Hear thy untiring streams, when rushes by
That inmate of thy haunts, the mountain bee—
What are earth's tumults and its cares to me ?
Oh, when I stand alone amid thy scenes,
Sweet thoughts, I fain would cherish, fill my dreams !
Thoughts that can nerve me for each coming woe,
And bid my too warm spirit meekly bow.
Oft as I've view'd from some far distant hill
The mingled scenes of human good and ill,
The dusty paths, pale features worn with care,
The grief worn look of anguish or despair,
The gaiety that smiled, assumed by art,
Some spirit thus has communed with my heart—
" How *soon* will that tumultuous scene be calm !
Hush'd in the tortured breast all dire alarm—
Listless the busy hand—the active tread
Still—for exertion is not with the dead ;"

Then has my heart replied—" How vain is care!
Teach me, Thou Great Supreme! my lot to bear;
To say in every change beneath the sun,
'*Thy* will—not *mine*, Almighty God, be done'!"

PART FOURTH.

SCENE—*Cornfield.*—BOAZ *and* REAPERS *seen at a distance.*

BOAZ.

Bounteous Bestower of all earthly bliss!
How fair, how beauteous, is a scene like this!
The seasons of the year have roll'd along,
Winter's dark storm, and summer's radiant sun;
And man's more changeful heart has felt the gloom
Of heavy grief—the light of pleasure's bloom;
When storms and tempests veil'd these sunny skies,
Oppression's children felt dark fears arise—
Look'd to the *future* with a shuddering dread,
And steep'd with tears of grief their humble bed;
Now joy, warm, heartfelt, eloquent and deep,
Bids them in silent adoration weep.
Oh Thou, who giv'st so bounteously to me,
Instruct my heart to set the captive free—

To cheer the sad—the penitent to raise,
And wake in sorrow's breast the song of praise.

(To the Reapers.)

All hail! be yours the sacred peace of heaven!

REAPERS.

God's choicest blessing to our lord be given!

BOAZ.

Who is yon damsel, with that gentle mien?
So meek—yet stately; lofty, though serene;
She looks not one inured to labor's toil;
Her eyes are eloquent, and in her smile
There is a chaste refinement, soft, and pure:
What brings her here such labor to endure?

REAPERS.

'Tis Moab's daughter; she, who left her home,
To cheer Naomi's solitude, so lone;
In her sad withered heart sweet hope to pour,
And watch beside her in affliction's hour;
For her she toils with unremitting zeal;
Mirth's jocund laugh, and mocking love's appeal,
Claim not her notice; and there's something there
That daunts the rudest, in that form so fair;
Aw'd by the virtuous glance of her meek eye,
Folly is silent when her steps draw nigh—
Shrinks from the worth, that high esteem inspires—
Blushes with conscious meanness, and retires.

BOAZ TO RUTH.

Hear, gentle woman! thou whose heart hast known
Keen sorrow's stings, and poverty forlorn;
Seek not in other fields, but here abide;
He led thee here, who is the orphan's Guide;
And think not He will leave thee; no, the hand
Shall lead the still, that pointed to this land.

RUTH.

Ah! why should one so desolate and lone
Claim thy regard? I'm needy and unknown;
A stranger, distant from my native home.

BOAZ.

On noble spirits, strangers have a claim;
Thou hast a higher right; thy virtuous fame—
Thy deep affection, changeless, high, and pure—
The fortitude with which thou canst endure—
Thy rectitude of heart—thy alter'd state,
Demand attention from the good and great:
And thinkest thou, that virtues, purely bright,
Can by *adversity* be hid from sight!
No! generous self-denying deeds, like thine,
Through mists of woe, and circumstance *will* shine;
And He alone, who gave thee lofty sense,
Thy filial piety can recompense;
He will reward thee; and in after years,
When sorrow's children read thy tale of cares,

And of the high reward, which even here
Attends the good in virtue's bright career—
Hope! radiant hope, shall bid their hearts be free,
And they shall learn to combat life like thee;
Through toil and danger, vigorously press,
And wait His blessing who delights to bless.

RUTH.

Oh! in dark sorrow's desolating hour,
What gentle balm, regard like thine can pour!
Knew but the great the bliss they can impart,
By words like thine to lone affliction's heart,
How would they turn from grosser joys away,
To shed o'er spirits tried, love's cheering ray:
Thus hast thou done, and may an orphan's prayer
Claim a reward for thy unpurchas'd care.

PART FIFTH.

SCENE—*Naomi's Cottage.*—NAOMI, RUTH.

NAOMI.

Dear gentle Ruth! my comforter and stay,
Where hast thou toil'd? Who pointed out thy way?
May every blessing on his spirit rest,
Who shews such kindness to a heart distrest.

RUTH.

His name is Boaz—

NAOMI.

Hour of blameless pride!
Thy wealthy patron is to us allied:
I see a train of favors round thee press;
A rich reward thy noble heart to bless:
My gentle daughter! long by sorrow tried,
Thy happy days shall yet in pleasure glide;
Not always shall the meek in spirit bear
Oppression's load, and sorrow's mound of care:
Toil on! and He who bids thee yet endure,
Reward thy virtues, and thy bliss secure.

PART SIXTH.

SCENE—*Near the gates of the city.*—NAOMI'S KINSMAN, BOAZ, NAOMI, RUTH, ELDERS OF THE CITY, &c. &c.

BOAZ,

(To the Kinsman.)

Naomi turns to seek her native land
At stern oppression's merciless command;
Our duty bids us offer her relief:
Wilt thou her land redeem?

KINSMAN.

I will ! her grief
Of me may ask no more—

BOAZ.

Then be it mine
To bid beclouded merit brighter shine !
The meek, unchang'd companion of her woe,
Through fairer, brighter scenes, with me shall go ;
Virtues like hers demand a high reward !
Mine the blest lot, her future life to guard ;
To scatter plenty o'er their alter'd path,
And place the crown of joy upon the brow of worth.

ELDERS, CITIZENS, &c.

Bring sweetly scented flowers
And weave a garland wild,
And twine it round her temples,
Who once was sorrow's child.

The mist, the cloud, the shadow,
Are pass'd in light away,
And she whose heart was dreary,
Is joyous now, and gay.

'Tis just that rank and honor
Should crown the brow of worth :
That earth's best tinted flowers
Should blossom in her path.

Go, bid affliction's daughters
Her noble deeds admire!
And to recompense like hers,
By deeds like hers aspire.

Say there is a high reward
Reserved for such in heaven;
A fadeless and enduring crown,
Which shall to such be given.

END OF NAOMI.

MISCELLANEOUS

PIECES.

CONTENTS.

TO GENIUS

TO THE HON. MRS. U.

TO THE REV. DR. BACON, ON CEASING TO PREACH

TO MRS. L'ESTRANGE

THE WIDOW'S HOME

TO A LADY

A DESTINY

RESENTMENT

THE SISTERS

TO THE REV. DR. BACON, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY

THE VIOLET

PHRENO-MESMERISM

SONG

THE SEA SHORE

MY DEAR NATIVE HOME

TO A MONTHLY ROSE

TO AUTUMN

ON VISITING THE TOMB OF COWPER

ON THE DEATH OF THE BRIDE OF THE HON. WM. COWPER

HANKINSON

ON HEARING A MOST INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF AN ORDINATION

TO MY MOTHER, ON CHRISTMAS-DAY

MY FATHER'S GRAVE

TO———— ON HER BIRTH-DAY

ON VISITING THE HALLS OF HOUGHTON AND HOLKHAM

ELIJAH AT THE BROOK OF CHERITH

ON THE DEATH OF MISS S—— L——

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

TO GENIUS.

"From heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,
And inspiration. * * * * * * * * * *
There doth beauty dwell;
There most conspicuous—e'en in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a *mind*.
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
This—gems, nor gold, nor culture can bestow,
But God's own power, when first His hand unseen
Imprints the secret bias of the soul."

Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination."

Thou spark of immortality!
Thou ray of light divine!
By gifted spirits worship'd more
Then Afric's richest mine;
Thine is the form of elegance,
The fair expansive brow;
The keen bright glances of the eye
Thou only canst bestow.

The thrilling voice of joyousness,
Deep feeling's holy stream,
Bright views, high hopes, imaginings,
Thou, only thou, canst dream;
The music of thy spirit high,
Thy elevating sense,
Breathes till the heart lies motionless
Aw'd by thine eloquence.

Thy graceful hand hath glided o'er
Bleak deserts, chill and wild,
Till earth with classic loveliness,
Hath like a garden smiled;
How weary were our journeyings
To future's unknown shore,
Hadst thou not strew'd with flow'rets sweet,
The rugged path-way o'er.

The dull monotony of life;
Its paltry hopes and fears;
Its crowd of weak nonentities;
Its heavy mound of cares—
Would bow my spirit to the dust,
Could I not leave the throng,
And steal one *brief*, but *blissful* glance,
Of thee, thou child of song!

The wood, the wild, the stream, the deep;
Creation's fairest scenes—
Had not been loved as they are loved,
But for thy pure bright beams:

The gothic arch, the bending saint,
Madonna-like and fair,
Had never fix'd the raptur'd gaze,
Hadst thou not wander'd there—

Enough ; *all* sounds, *all* forms, *all* hues,
All high exalted thought—
The beautiful, the fair, the grand,
Are with thy presence fraught.
Angelic one ! and is *thy* path
With roses scatter'd o'er ?
Is there a spirit blent with thine,
Wrapt secrets to explore ?

While thy bright emanations spread,
To bid the haughty bow,
Erect in thy nobility,
Oh genius ! what art *thou?*
An exile from thy native land ;
A diamond under-ground ;
A *lonely* beacon on the cliff,
To cheer a dark profound.

Yet would'st thou yield thy burning tears,
Thy agony intense,
For all that pamper'd wealth could give,
Devoid of lofty sense ?
No, rather o'er the bleakest wild
With every fond hope riven,
Would'st thou thine own bright lot pursue,
Thou harbinger of heaven.

Thy aristocracy of mind
Can ne'er be bound to earth;
It ever seeks the radiant clime,
Whence first it had its birth!
It onward, upward, ever tends
To love's occult abode;
Nor rests till it has found its home,
The "bosom of its God:"
Thy thorny path, thy steep ascent,
May wild and rugged be,
But oh! thy faintest smile impart,
And I will follow thee!

TO THE HON. MRS. U.

"And thou, my youthful muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite;
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause."

Thompson.

Dear lady, thou wilt deign to bend
Attention to thy humble friend;
And hear, with kindness' gentle ray,
All that a grateful heart would say:
For sweet remembrance bids me speak
With heart-felt warmth, (though words are weak,)
Of thee! whose kindly generous hand
First led me o'er the rugged land;

Whose judgment clear, whose taste refined,
Mark'd out the path-way for my mind;
Who, when imagination's light
First on my glowing spirit shone,
Pointed to virtue's noble height,
And told what virtuous deeds had done:
Who first the door of hope unclosed,
Remov'd the barriers that oppos'd
My ardent love, my thirst intense,
For learning's purity and sense;
Who, her sweet mysteries unrol'd,
And bade them burst upon my eye,
With all the bliss she ever told,
In lofty strains of minstrelsy;
While thou her precepts more endear'd,
By kindness that my spirit cheer'd—
Yes! when the puerile, proud, and weak,
Bade burning tears roll down my cheek;
Or made me for a moment feel
The frown of pride, the cool appeal—
Yet—when they mark'd thy kind regard
To me, (O what a sweet reward!)
Turn'd, as such mindless beings can,
With every changing breeze of fate,
And sought with smiles the flame to fan,
Which they had rudely scorn'd of late:
They *echoed* but the feelings kind,
Which were the inmates of thy mind;
The praise that shall more valued be.
Than all their heartless praise by me;

And though I never more may pace,
With volant step thy halls of grace;
Or gaze, with passion-lighted eye,
On beauty's soft and varied dye;
Or list, with rapture's thrilling ear,
The converse I delight to hear—
Nor time, nor change, can ever part
Their memory from my grateful heart;
Sweet scenes, kind looks, kind words are traced
Too deeply there to be effaced;
They are as sunlight mid a storm;
As blushing rose by rugged thorn;
As fragrance on a whirlwind borne—
Perchance, I love such joys too well,
As from their soul-entrancing spell,
To some less lov'd, less flattering scene,
I've woke as from a fever dream,
And wish'd those joys had never been;
Yet would not, when the gloom was past,
Those flow'rets from my path-way cast;
Or loose one richly valued gem,
For earth's best prize—a diadem;
So dearly lov'd, so priz'd by me,
The smiles of worth and dignity.
Ah! though a wisely just decree
Bids me the prop of others be,
My nature's clinging as the vine,
And ever seeks a resting shrine;
And though my present path must lie
'Mid rugged scenes and turmoils rude,

For joy's soft avenue I sigh,
For peace and holy solitude,
For quiet calm, for joys refin'd,
And converse of the high in mind.
Enough! e'en now I hear thee say,
"Where'er is traced thy devious way,
By power divine thy steps are led,
And thou mayst not the fiat change;
How many languish there to tread,
And 'mid such joys as thine would range:
Go, well perform thy destin'd task;
And wisdom, more than pleasure seek;
Then shall the joy thou now would'st ask
Be thine, for virtue crowns the meek:"
Such, lady kind, the gentle words
Which thou hast ever breath'd to me;
My heart their purity records,
And what thou'dst have me, strives to be.

TO THE REV. DR. BACON,

On his ceasing to preach at Hunstanton, in Norfolk, in which parish he ministered forty years, these lines are most respectfully inscribed, by a family who gratefully acknowledge their obligations to him as a minister, and as a kind condescending friend. With these lines they present their earnest prayers for his happiness, that he may on earth continue to enjoy the rewards of genius and worth, and hereafter "the crown of glory which fadeth not away."

He's gone from the station where oft we have met him,
Refresh'd as he breath'd consolation around;
Oh! cease to inquire why thus we regret him,
Or mourn for lost pleasures, so calm, so profound.

Oh! knew you his talents, his sober devotion,
Compassion, and fervor, and eloquent zeal,
You'd sigh with the hearts that evince this emotion,
And join in the grief they ought not to conceal.

On warm admonitions, so fervent, so thrilling,
When pointing our souls to the mansions on high;
His converse in friendship for ever instilling
A lofty ambition to live for the sky—

On happiness felt in the calm gentle pleasure,
We've shared 'neath his roof, where amusements refin'd,
Where all that attends upon learning and leisure,
Gave feast unto reason, and zest to the mind—

On these would we think; they are isles in life's ocean;
Bright streams that o'er life's barren wilderness flow;
Calm sunny-tinged waves in a sea of commotion;
A cordial infused in the chalice of woe.

And think not, kind pastor, thy flock will forget thee,
Or deem thy past favors as trivial or small—
No, grateful remembrance shall bid them regret thee,
And plead a reward from the Bishop of all.

LINES

Supposed to be addressed to Mrs. L'Estrange, on the anniversary of her nativity, by the children of the school established by her; and these lines are most respectfully inscribed to this amiable patroness of early education.

KIND lady! on this blest auspicious day,
We would our warm, though humble thanks reveal,
And *wish* thee all that eloquence would *say*,
Where lips can utter what the heart can feel.

But though *we* cannot with grace *so* speak,
Thou wilt not *scorn* the homage we can pay,
Nor turn disdainful from the blushing cheek,
Or timid glance of childhood's bright arch eye.

Thy fostering care has bid us seek the light,
Brighter than glowing suns of worth untold—
The knowledge that can guide our footsteps right,
Through earth's vain scenes, and to a better world.

Oh! may our future lives attest how well
We prize the great advantages now given;
And may thy future blessings also tell
Such virtuous deeds are recompensed by heaven;

That *they* aid not so much the public weal,
Who to seek distant suppliants love to roam;
As those whose pure and well directed zeal
Discharges best the sacred claims of home.

Thy noble house for long, long years have shed
Upon our favour'd poor, bright shining rays;
And that its every path with flowers be spread—
Thy lowly, grateful flock, with fervour prays.

THE WIDOW'S HOME.

Silent, lonely, and sad, is that desolate home,
Where the soft vows of love re-echoed her own;
Where the sweet ringing voices of children were heard,
Exultingly hailing the flight of the bird.
On the cold grassy pillow of earth rests his head,
Whose soul-thrilling orbs such effulgence have shed:
Hush'd the eloquent voice, which instill'd in her heart
A rapturous feeling no words can impart,
As he sat with his young ones entwin'd round his knees,
And strove with a parent-like fondness to please:
Ah! where rests he *now?* in that hallowed spot,
Where all that once *was*, is for ever forgot!
And his widow looks round on the scenes he held dear—
On the flowers he train'd but to bloom on his bier—
On the arbour he lov'd; and the leaves as they fall,
Bring back his last moments, hush'd grief to recall;
From the room where he lov'd from the world to retire,
The young and the happy, surrounding their sire—
Where, enraptur'd, he spoke of the regions on high—
Where tears are all wip'd—where their fountain is dry:—

From that room, where an altar of worship was rais'd;
Where unseen by the world, with rapture they prais'd;
The fond ones she loves so intensely, are gone,
And weeping, she kneels at that altar *alone!*
Her children! where are they? may none linger here?
No! oppression forbids with accents severe:
Those lov'd ones, whose sportive and innocent mirth
Was joy to that household, and light to that hearth,
Are scatter'd like leaves o'er the desolate waste,
And may not return to scenes of the *past.*
Some are struggling with woe on the billows of life;
And dark is the storm of the weary heart's strife:
Yet some are the stay of the widow's lone heart;
Giving solace which robs pale grief of its dart;
A solace which breathes gentle peace to the soul,
And whispers, "oh! mourner, thy anguish control!
No cup with affliction is ever so fraught,
But one drop of love on its brim may be caught;
No spirit so wounded, but mercy can bind;
No soul ever left, that bow'd meekly resign'd;
And soon will the storm of affliction be past;
Hush'd in silence, eternal sorrow's loud blast.
When the bright orb of day shall have ceas'd to lead forth
The fast fleeting seasons o'er life's chequer'd path—
When the pale silver moon, in serene azure car,
The bright tract of glory shall traverse no more—
When the last flower fades—when the lay of the bird
On the dew-spangled bower no more shall be heard—
Oh! ere then shall ye meet on a peaceful shore,
Where anguish, and weeping, and parting are o'er."

TO A LADY,

On playing the beautiful movement in the overture to "Oscar and Malvina."

> "Romantic sounds! such is the bliss ye give,
> That heaven's bright scenes seem bursting on the soul;
> With joy I'd yield each sensual wish, to live
> For ever 'neath your undefiled control."
>
> *H. K. White.*

Play it again! All sweet and holy thoughts—
And sunny feelings—and celestial hopes—
And visions of the beautiful and good—
And scenes of taste—and eloquence—and love
Wake in my heart whene'er its echoes fall.
Hark! how the soft notes thrill, like murmuring streams,
Or pattering rain on sun-lit olives.
Play it again! The lapse of darken'd years—
The tears—the trials, and the blighted hopes—
The heart's keen struggle in the hour of woe—
The death-bed parting, and the lingering look—
The throb of anguish—and the cold despair
Which follows anguish—all, all these and more—
Much more than words can paint from memory's page
Are wip'd as they had never, never been.
I am again a child, a dreamy child—
A worshipper of nature's woods and wilds—
And rocks, and dells, and flowers, and gentle streams—
Of scenes of peace, of quiet, and repose—
Of wisdom's precepts, and devotion's lore—
Of all that lifts the soul 'bove meaner joys—
Of all that raises its intense desires

Up to the source and centre of all good.
Play it again! The hopes of early youth—
The ever-present inmates of my soul,
Since it first learnt to think—hopes that have "grown
E'en with my growth, and strengthen'd with my strength—"
Burst through the clouds of apathy, and shine
With soft reflected light, as *once* they shone.
High they may be! and such if they were known,
Might raise the smile—the bitter smile of scorn;
And therefore have I veil'd them from the world—
Laugh'd with the gay, and trifled with the weak;
But sounds like these can break the galling chain,
That long hath bound my captive spirit down,
And once again my heart indulges hope—
It yet may gain its fond and high desire.

A DESTINY.

"Now let her rest in peace! those hours are past;
And with them all the agitating train,
By which hope led the wandering cheated soul;
Wearied, she seeks repose, and owns at last,
How sighs, and tears, and youth are spent in vain,
While languishing, she mourned in folly's sad control."

Mrs. Tighe

A GENTLE being once I saw,
With features fair, and flexile form,
And that soft air we so adore,
As seldom found amid life's storm;

And her young mind
Was soaring far above her state
To joys refined;
Fostering with care that warm disdain,
That will not own youth's day-dreams vain,
Nor shrink beneath an adverse fate:
And since all pure and holy deeds
Became the lofty rank she lov'd,
She stored her mind with learning's seeds,
And through rich flow'ry mazes rov'd,
Without a bound;
And spirit, though so gay and free,
Somewhat profound;
For her mix'd character display'd
Those tints of moral light and shade
That in the gifted oft we see;
And thus in solitude unknown,
Without congenial minds to bless,
Her spirit gain'd a deeper tone,
Than those which common minds possess:
She strove to be
Lofty in deed—in act refined—
From error free—
High in that rectitude of heart,
That will not from its duty part—
Humble in bliss—in woe resign'd:
Alas! and can the soaring mind
Thus upward bend each earnest thought,
And yet the heart's fond visions bind
To objects with less beauty fraught?
Ah no! she lov'd

With passion blameless as her heart:
Deep and unmoved—
Yet blissful in its wild excess;
For passion has the power to bless,
Till sage-like reason points the dart:
Illusion veil'd her youthful eye—
But oh! twas pure and fair and bright,
Such as in worlds beyond the sky
Might enter 'mid the saints of light.
But sorrow came
And tore that mystic veil aside!—
Quench'd hope's bright flame:
No common pang caus'd anguish deep,
Or bade that broken spirit weep;
'Twas woman's wounded pride.
'Twas sad to view her altered cheek
(That once had bloom'd) so pale and wan—
The eye, that could so fondly speak,
Dim, and its vivid flashes gone;
And tresses bright,
That play'd like tendrils in the breeze,
Hid from the light;
Rich summer garbs now laid aside,
As if to mock all human pride:
But untried youth such lesson needs,
To tell how vain, how false, how weak
The fairest, brightest beauties are—
That brilliant eye, and glowing cheek,
Must cloud and fade 'neath anxious care—
That all below,

However fair in youth's bright dream
Is blent with woe—
That only when the heart lies still,
Obedient to its Maker's will,
Then only is the soul serene.
She sunk as sinks the early flower
Beneath retiring winter's eye,
And those who watch'd her parting hour,
Ask'd if it were not hard to die;
She answer'd, "No;
I would not wish to linger now
'Mid scenes of woe:
For He who gave my soul the sense
Of pleasure exquisite, intense,
Bids me in resignation bow.
I feel, I know, this erring heart
Has wander'd from His perfect way!
But could the skilful hand of art
Bid my receding spirit stray
Along the past,
And o'er life's ever-troubled wave
Bid sunbeams cast
Their radiance for a longer time;
I would not ask the favor mine,
To shun that quiet couch, the *grave*:
The bursting heart is throbless there—
The swollen eye forgets to weep—
The aching brow is free from care—
And noiseless, dreamless is its sleep."
Blest grave! woe's friend

Hath hallow'd thee with love divine—
Bade hope ascend
Beyond thy deep sepulchral gloom,
To world's of never-fading bloom—
Th' immortal spirit's native clime!

RESENTMENT.

"Pride and wrath would sometimes call themselves a becoming greatness of spirit, but he hath a greater soul who can treat inferiors with all gentleness, and hath learned to neglect and forget supposed affronts and injuries as mean and little thing, which deserve no special notice."

Watts on the Passions.

When insult bids resentment rise,
Ask, "Is the offender weak or wise—
Of passions mild or strong?"
The lion check'd his rising fire,
When one so mean provok'd his ire,
And calmly pass'd along.

Nor censure, if a flashing eye,
Or hasty act, or quick reply
To thee be sometimes given;
As varied as earth's loveliest hue,
The human mind is varied too;
And that was form'd by heaven.

I've seen full many a puerile mind
By *nature* placid—calm—and *blind*
To what would wound another;
Whose lamb-like features seem'd to ery,
"How warm are you! how meek am I!
Why not your feelings smother?"—

Press the same hand that aim'd the dart
To fester in your troubled heart;
Then with good breeding smile;
And turn, and falsely, darkly speak,
With gentle voice and aspect meek,
Of those who feel your guile.

And I have seen the ardent heart,
From all its hopes and interests part,
Rather than treachery bear;
And he, who ancient pages reads,
Well knows what high and noble deeds
That warmth obscured there.

And there are spirits, high and pure,
That can the insult keen endure
As virtue tells they *ought;*
Who, good for evil can return,
As duty bids, be mild or warm,
In act—and more—in thought.

I would not be that first of minds,
For all the wealth the diver finds
Beneath the deepen'd sea:
The next has zeal his worth that shades;
And genius' early blossom fades,
And causes misery.

Spirit of meekness and of might!
Guide thou my erring footsteps right—
Bid me from tumult cease:
And of the last this truth impress,
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."

THE SISTERS.

They lov'd as only orphan sisters love;
The free—the blest—the shelter'd and the gay
Know not the fervency of love like *theirs*—
And why? They were in the bleak world *alone:*
Left in its rugged paths to struggle on
Without a guide, a guardian, or a friend,
Save *Him*, the Father of the fatherless;
And one, whose only heritage was love—
That deep, unfathom'd fount—a mother's love.
They were each other's world, though so unlike;
One—passion-fraught, and high, and wildly fond;
A wrapt idolater of nature's charms;

A dreamer of most sweet imaginings;
And yet, withal, a being most unfit
To enter into worldly wisdom's plans,
Or tread unerringly her destin'd path:
And one—meek, lowly, patient of control;
Whose gentle nature dared not to rebel,
Or wish her chequer'd path but what it was;
As clings the tendril to some stately prop,
She clung to her companion, sister, friend;
And she watch'd o'er her as pure love *can* watch,
Striving to shield her from the storms of life;
She could not bear *one* ruffling blast should blow
O'er that young spirit: oh! if love could shield
The soul from agony—the eye from tears—
That well-lov'd sister had not griev'd or wept!
Mock not such glowing love, ye coldly proud;
To feelings fervent, exquisite as theirs,
Is link'd a suff'ring bliss they would not give
For all your cold, inanimate repose.
Not *always* had affliction's iron grasp
Bound those two hearts together. They had dwelt
In one sweet home of happiness! The light
Of love, like a bright beam of heaven, shone there,
And happy hearts met on one household hearth,
'Mid all the wordless eloquence of love
And poetry of *home*.
Oh I would linger one brief moment *there*,
And whisper what it was. A lovely cot,
Of meek and gentle beauty; city noise,
Loud turmoil's busy roar, or folly's laugh,

Broke not its holy, intellectual peace :
The buds of spring, the summer's fervent glow,
Autumn's lov'd peace, and winter's solemn storms,
Came there, untainted, unprofan'd, and pure :
Beyond one soft green field uprose the church ;
That meek, gray, shadowy mansion of repose ;
Decaying grandeur on its portals sat,
And gothic beauty fix'd the raptur'd gaze—
Meet object for a mind of solemn cast
To gaze on with reflection, and to love :
Around, were other spires, whose sabbath bells
Call'd like the voice of angels to the sad,
To leave vain grief, and seek relief in prayer :
Hills, robed in veil-like mist, lay distant far :
A soft meek hamlet nestled amid trees ;
And a clear river lighted by the sun,
Sparkled, and shone, and glided softly by ;
To whose sweet soothing murmur ocean roll'd
A spirit-stirring bass, sublimely grand :
Vales, plains, and mounts, and hedge rows tip'd withbrier,
Made up the lovely view. O ! that were mine
A faithful sketch of that dear valued scene !
Where'er I turn it meets my mental eye ;
Amid the dense dark shadows of the world,
It comes like April sunshine to my heart ;
Sweeps o'er my spirit with subduing power,
And makes me purer, happier, and more glad.
Here then they dwelt, and every year imbued
Their minds with holier beauty. They had gaz'd
On nature, till their souls partook of her.

Ah! little knew they of a heartless world—
Its paltry pride—its empty trifling joys—
Its thistle-down opinion, which can change
With every breath that varying fortune gives:
Of this they little knew; it ne'er had chill'd
One pure emotion, or one purpose shook.
Seclusion fann'd the vestal fire within,
And less of earth than heaven, their fond hearts fill'd.
He rightly judg'd, who happy ignorance deem'd
Better than wisest grief.—*They* were thus blest.
But o'er that cheerful hearth grief cast its gloom,
And eyes were brighter with intense distress
Than they had been in joy: a mildew pass'd
O'er the young blossoms of those sisters' hearts;
Hush'd was the light glad laugh; and silence laid
His icy finger on the faded lip:
From false friends alter'd looks they proudly turn'd,
And clung to nature with a purer love;
Amid dark woods—by streams, and brooks and flowers,
Shed on each other's neck hot burning tears;
And when the trace of feeling pass'd away
Turn'd back and smil'd as gaily as before.
Oh! what will not the proud young spirit bear
While others dream not of its agony!
The delicate of mind alone can soothe
The freshly wounded spirit, and of *such*
There are but *few*, like roses on a wild;
That there *were* such, *they* knew; spirits that shed
A halo of rejoicing round their gloom,
And made bright sunny footpaths in the wild—

The light of heaven's own peace be in such souls!
And praise that mortals cannot breathe be theirs!
Misfortune bade them part, and forth they went,
Each to the stranger's home—far, far apart!
Oh! what avails it of those days to speak!
Enough they felt, as hearts like theirs, do feel
The chilling influence of a world like this;
When with a senseless, mindless sneer, it scorns
Pleasures beyond its earth-bound power to give.
Long dwelt they thus; till every mental ray
Seem'd faded, and the fount of love dried up—
And then they met again. The weariness,
The lassitude, the gloom, the galling weight
Which bow'd their spirits to the dust pass'd off;
Tears exquisitely sweet wept off the load,
And then the soul look'd forth and shone again,
As smile the heavens when heavy storms are gone.
Oh! *again* they "liv'd and lov'd together,"
And gladly shar'd stern cares, to be so blest.
Fear whisper'd oft of separating hours,
And homeless hearts, and grief's oppressing gloom.
If pass'd that dreaded and portentous storm,
Or if it burst in sorrow on their head,
Thou dark veil'd future tell!

TO THE REV. DR. BACON,

On the Anniversary of his Nativity, September 19th.

"Voilá l' été passé !"

What! though the summer-months are gone,
And much that Phoebus beam'd upon,
Is pass'd away;
Yet few, methinks, can gaze in vain,
On gentle Autumn's calmer reign,
And splendour of decay.

Much has it Spring can never boast,
And much that was in Summer lost
To meditation's eye;
For where the bud and blossom were,
The richly luscious fruits appear,
For bright—a tranquil sky.

And thus it is with thee, whose years
Have travell'd long this vale of tears,
Now nobly crown'd
With rank, with honour, and with fame,
That might attend a nobler name,
Not always found.

And thus to youthful minds it speaks,
"Who earnestly true wisdom seeks,
Is sure to find:"

And who, with spark of heavenly fire,
Would not to the high aim aspire
Of souls refin'd ?

O may thy bright example cheer
Us onward in the high career !
And may this day,
For years to come, be glad and bright !
And when eclips'd, by heavenly light
Pass, blest, away !

THE VIOLET.

Bleak Winter was passing away to the north ;
With light mirthful step, gay Spring coming forth ;
I wander'd to view the soft buds seek the light,
And steal the first violet hid from the sight.
I pass'd through green valleys with blithe joyous thought,
But found not the meek one I fondly had sought,
'Till turn'd far away from the daisy-deck'd path,
I saw it lie mingled with dust on the earth :
A moment I sigh'd o'er that beautiful gem,
Thus torn by rude hands from its moss-cushion'd glen ;
From all that makes charming lone nature's retreat,
And cast for the vulgar to tread 'neath their feet :
A moment I sigh'd, then a voice in my heart
Breath'd—"Such is the mind that feels sorrow's keen dart—
The mind that high talent has fitted to share

All joys that are lofty, and gentle, and fair;
Yet bow'd by misfortune, is blended with those
Who know not its pleasures, regard not its woes."
What boots it to speak of high talent unknown?
'Tis a delicate rose in the wilderness thrown;
The music that Memnom's soft lyre sends forth;
The sunbeam that crosses a desolate path;
The violet torn from its lovely retreat;
And mingled with dust 'neath the traveller's feet.

PHRENO-MESMERISM.

"Many subjects are interesting, and afford much satisfaction in their investigation, but there can be no such subject so interesting as the mind itself. Most men agree that the brain is connected with the mind. Dr. Doddridge taught that the soul was seated in the brain. Woolaston, in his Religion of Nature Defended—Grove, in his System of Moral Philosophy, taught the same thing, and Bishop Browne, in his Procedure of the Understanding, argues that the brain is the organ of the mind."—*Dr. Epps.*

The grand march of intellect travels apace,
Wake, lofty ambition, and join in the chase;
Tell how the unlearned, and learned convene,
To gaze on a novel and popular scene.
The vulgar with rapture its wonders rehearse,
The well-inform'd strive the dense cloud to disperse—
And what is the scene? Not enough, when awake,
That reason its part may consistently take;
But man may command, and the powers of mind
Like engine of steam, to caprice he can bind:

And reason, that glorious light of the soul,
Must speak at his touch, as a circle would roll,
Or a loadstone attract beyond self-control.
Nor here ends the wonder—the wild throb of pain
Lies still 'neath the touch of sleep's magical chain;
And the tears we have shed at lov'd ones' distress,
No more on the cheek of pale agony press.
Bright land of fair visions—of beauty refin'd—
Dear Greece, fondly titled the realm of the mind—
What art thou to this? can we more to thee bow?
Oh Plato! oh Socrates! what are ye now?
I confess what a Gall, and a Spurziem have said,
And talented Epps, on the form of the head,
I strictly accede to; and when I have sought
To follow their track in the region of thought,
To that Being I've knelt, who talent and sense
As *He* judges best, can withhold or dispense;
Sarcasm and scorn for compassion resign'd,
And inwardly turn'd with a self-abas'd mind.
But to me, this new science, the farther it goes,
Like a shadow at sun-set, more marvellous grows.
Ye learned and clever, well form'd for the task,
We anxious inquirers, your diligence ask;
The falsehood or truth, 'tis important to know
Of a science that's said so to palliate woe:
If collusion its basis—great be its fall!
If truth—may it brightly illumine us all!
Like the bright orb of day may its radiance roll,
From the soft balmy south to the northernmost pole!

SONG, *(Air, Grammachree.)*

At morn a rose on nature's breast
It's radiant petals spread,
But evening view'd its faded vest,
On nature's lap lie dead :
The Summer sun may brightly gleam
Those faded blossoms o'er,
But sun, nor shade, nor ether's stream,
Their beauty shall restore.

Like that fair rose at early morn,
Is youth's untroubled heart—
Like that at eve, when rudely torn
By sorrow's piercing dart;
Hope's vivid ray and pleasure's sound
May flit that bosom o'er;
But will they heal the cureless wound
Of sorrow's festering sore ?

No ! peace may shed its soothing ray
Where resignation bows,
And faith undying joys convey
That only sorrow knows ;
But that warm throb beyond control,
Which beats but to adore,
Is pass'd *for ever* from the soul,
And can return *no more !*

THE SEA SHORE, *(Hunstanton.)*

I GAZ'D upon the evening sky;
The west had lost its crimson dye;
And all the gorgeous tints of day
Look'd dim through gloaming's soft'ning ray;
And buoyant health was in the balm
Of summer evening's breeze so calm:
Before me spread the voiceless deep,
Like infant in untroubled sleep:
Around me, in confusion wild,
Rude heaps of rocky fragments piled:
The cliff, its lofty brow uprais'd,
So stern, majestic, and sublime,
As if with awful pride it gaz'd
Upon the fallen wreck of time:
And on the ocean's breast afar,
The beacon glitter'd like a star:
Above a brighter ray look'd down,
And o'er the whole a richer gem
Than those, compos'd night's radiant crown,
And stars were her bright diadem.
I gaz'd, and o'er my spirit came,
A blissful calm I would not give
For all that earth would valued name,
Or all for which mean spirits live.
The anxious care—the vexing strife
That mar our sweetest pleasures here,
Fled—and a hope with solace rife
Call'd from joy's cell the chrystal tear.

"Life is yon sea," some spirit said,
"Hearts' blighted hopes those fragments wild;
Hope, yon tall cliff, with towering head;
And love, the beacon sweetly mild;
The moon and stars, that deck yon skies
Are angels' ever watchful eyes:
And thou—how false—how weak thy pride—
An atom on that ocean cast,
Impell'd by every rising tide—
Victim of passion's varying blast:
Were there no better world than this,
Well might the high in spirit mourn!
But far beyond, are realms of bliss,
Life's wearied mariner's safe bourn:
So guide thy bark while sailing here,
That thou mays't safely anchor there."

"MY DEAR NATIVE HOME."

The mist is on thy mountains, my dear home!
Autumnal sunlight, and autumnal calm;
Near thee is heard the robin's thrill so lone—
Dew is on thy buds—in thy peace is balm—
Sweet Autumn joys are *here*, but ah! they lack *thy* charm.

Oh might I dream! one moment fondly dream
I was again thy inmate, dear, *dear* cot!
And be again in *spirit* what I've been,
A spell-bound worshipper of that sweet spot,
Which time, nor change of scene shall from remembrance bl

Dear treasured home! where is the joyous child
Whose gay voice echoed in each well known-room—
Whose light step bounded o'er the heathy wild,
Careless of what might be her coming doom?
She is not what she *was;* the light is blent with gloom.

Say, shall I whisper how her heart has borne
The chilling contact with a heartless world?
No! silence better suits a bosom torn,
Enough that hope and fear her thoughts have hurl'd
Far from the pure bright dreams her early hopes unfurl'd.

I *will* again be free! come memory, come!
List to the music of remember'd lays;
Turn with me to the haunts of early home;
To me there is a charm in autumn rays,
That in my soul can wake sweet thoughts of other days.

I see thee now, my home! so wild—so free—
Thy lattice, open to the rising sun—
The flowers I planted, and the well known tree
Which was my canopy, ere tasks begun—
And there the books I lov'd, and thoughts I could not shun—

And thy gray mossy walls, meek house of prayer,
And gothic porch, and well remember'd stile,
And devious footpath, and the distant air
Of dear lov'd voices in that hallow'd pile,
And gentle, unseen looks, and fond affection's smile.

May I dream on! and may the orb of day,
As once on Gibeon's height, his course suspend;
May wither'd hopes again feel young love's ray:
From earth return—my father—and my friend?—
No! reason breaks the spell—the blissful dream must end!

And wherefore did I dream it? but to call
From long untroubled founts hot burning tears—
To free my spirit from its earth-bound thrall—
To ease its mound of heavy, heavy cares,
And agonizing weep o'er scenes of early years.

They say I must resign thee—that my path
'Mid other scenes is trac'd:—well be it so!
'Tis vanity to love one spot of earth!
And well I know my duty is to bow
To Him who wisely rules and orders all below.

Then will I weep no more—but nerve my soul
To follow duty's track—wild fancy's spell
Bind me no more beneath thy fond control!
No more of early hopes and visions tell—
I give thee up, my home! dear treasured spot, farewell!

Hunstanton, Sep. 1843.

TO A MONTHLY ROSE

IN THE GARDEN OF MY DEAR NATIVE HOME.

Sweet rose, I go to other scenes!
What now athwart my bosom streams
I may not tell:
Oh! for the last, last blissful time,
I linger by this bloom of thine;
Sweet rose, farewell!

Thy tress-like boughs may others bind,
With common skill, or taste refin'd,
Which rises ever;
But thou canst never, never be
To them, what thou hast been to me,
Oh! no, no, never!

I loved thee, when a happy child,
With fervour deep, and pure, and wild;
And in youth's hour,
When fancy all electric came,
And thrill'd my bosom with its flame—
When cloud and shower,

And Winter's chilling gloom was found
On all above, below, around,
Still thou wert there—
Like kindness, when pierc'd bosoms bleed—
Like succour, in the day of need,
The heart to cheer.

Stern natures deem it hard to find
A charm that can thus firmly bind
My love to thee:
But those who leave a cherish'd home,
For scenes and ties they have not known,
Will scornless be:

Remembering tree, or plant, or flower,
Or mossy walk, or shady bower,
A *friend* appears;
When circled by the guiltless scenes,
And ardent hopes, and fairy dreams
Of early years.

I do not love the sickly mind
That grief in duty's task must find;
Yet cold the heart,
And dead to glory's fond appeal,
That leaving home disdains to feel
'Tis hard to part.

Since all I deeply love must be
Blent with an immortality—
A life divine:
I'll fondly think when flower and tree
Shall flush into variety *
Thou wilt be mine.

* "And all this leafless and uncoloured scene
Shall flush into variety again."
Cowper.

TO AUTUMN.

Thou'rt come in thy loveliness, dearly lov'd one!
With soft touching beauty, and soul-thrilling tone—
With mist on thy mountains, and soft beaming light—
And gloaming's sweet hour, and star-spangled night—
Thy deep holy quiet so breezeless and still—
Thy leaf scatter'd forest and robin's lone thrill—
Thy last cherish'd bud—thy last song of the grove,
And the splendid decay of all that we love.
I mourn not for Summer—I weep not for Spring;
The syren art thou, that my pleasures can bring:
Though fading thy beauties, more dear to my heart,
The lesson of wisdom they sweetly impart.
I love the old ruin, so hoary and gray,
Its mantle of ivy, and robe of decay—
The moss-cover'd path-way, and time-rifted spire—
The half wither'd trees, lit by Sol's dying fire—
The old gothic church, and the desolate hall,
O'er whose once regal pomp time spreads his dark pall:
As I gaze, a spirit thus breathes in my heart—
"As fading, as fleeting, oh! mortal thou art!
The roses that wither and die on thy path,
An avenue strew to the soft couch of earth;
The goddess of beauty whose gay reign is o'er,
The herald that treadeth thy passage before,
She breathes in the soft dying cadence of air—
'Leave, leave, gentle sister, the valley of care,
For time will diminish the light of thine eye;

And chill aspirations so fervent and high,
The signet of sorrow impress on thy brow,
And leave but a ruin of what thou art now !' "
Oh lesson most valued ! then more will I bind
Each power I own to improving my mind ;
Less fondly adore what is passing away—
Live more for the mansions that know not decay ;
And when call'd, on the wings of bright angels I'll come
To that beauteous region, the spirits' own home.

ON VISITING THE TOMB OF COWPER,

IN DEREHAM CHURCH, NORFOLK.

"A tomb is his on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue :
The present hours, the future age,
For him bewail, to him belong."

Lord Byron.

THERE is a name that cannot die,
A name that shall be known,
Below on earth, above on high,
In cottage and on throne :

While hallow'd love can warm the heart,
While passion's noblest cords
Can vibrate to the touch of art,
And feel the power of words.

When gentle spirits love no more
The quiet hearth of *home;*
And sigh for busy tumult's roar,
And splendid misery's dome—

When check'd is daring genius' flight—
When deaf the ear of taste—
When music can no more delight—
When memory is effaced—

When piety shall dare proclaim
There is no Judge on high;—
Then, nor till then, shall Cowper's name
Unlov'd, unhonor'd die!

ON THE DEATH OF THE BRIDE OF THE HON. WM. COWPER,

AND DAUGHTER OF D. GURNEY, ESQ. RUNCTON.

O'ER youth's bright sun of beauty, oh! how soon
Come sorrow's tempest and affliction's gloom!
Frail, mutable and false is all below;
Near founts of bliss, dark gulphs of sadness flow;
And all that decks the cheek with rapture's bloom
Is but a flowery pathway to the tomb.
What brings such thoughts? oh! she, whose very name
The best emotions of the heart must claim,—
For virtue speaks in Gurney's spotless name;

And Cowper's well-lov'd title, dear to fame,
Attests the sadd'ning and subduing truth;
For low in death are laid the charms of youth.
The splendid robe—the train—the orange wreath
Exchang'd for the pale pageantry of death:
Affection's rapturous glance, and thrilling tone,
For weeping eyes, and sorrow's stifled moan.
Low lies in death, a loved, and loving bride:
Approach, and trembling gaze, thou child of pride!
Exalted worth, nor love, that doom could flee,
And what shall ward the blow of fate from thee?
We ask not pity from the vacant mind,
Folly knows not emotion so refin'd;
But, we would say, ere guilt your footsteps mar,
Be good and great, and learn to die *like her*—
Like her the needy aid, support the weak,
And ease the care that lofty spirits break.
Oh! not for her, but for the sad we weep!
For those she lov'd: *her* pure and blameless sleep
Well might we envy, for the placid tomb
No terror has for virtue's fadeless bloom;
There, like a fair and dearly cherish'd flower
Rests her meek form till judgment's solemn hour;
Then, like a rich exotic, doom'd to dwell
Awhile from home, shall seek its native dell,
And join—for ever join, the hearts she loved so well.

HANKINSON.

Mourn, harp of Judah! for the skilful hand
That swept thee with such elegance and art,
Bidding the energies of mind expand,
Touching the finest feelings of the heart,
Is lifeless now! The melody of sound—
All light and shade of beauty, pass him by,
As sunbeams tremble o'er the resting ground
Of what once *was*, but *is not*. Oh! to die
Is solemn in the lowliest, but to see
The empty casket of a gem so pure,
Whose soft light gleam'd on thousands—this, to me,
Is saddest proof that earth cannot endure—

That all, most worthy of our high esteem,
That makes us feel there is a better state,
Scarce shines, ere it has faded like a dream,
Leaving but mortal dust of what was great!
Oh, no, I speak unjustly! they may die
Who have so honoured life; but the bright deeds
That shew they're fitter for a world on high,
Shall never pass, till memory recedes.

Mourn, harp of Judah! for thyself, not *him*;
Who now shall call thy heavenly music forth
With touch so exquisitely chaste? Oh sin!
Thou hast polluted this fair world—but worth
And genius can so beautify—so raise
Our fallen nature—and can so refine

The purity of spirit, that our days
May be the foretaste of a holier clime.

They come, with elevating sense—mid shade
And weariness, and hollow joys of earth,
Like ministering angels—till is laid
The heart in gentle quiet, and the path
That seem'd so thorny, has undying flowers:
Such, lost, regretted minstrel, have thy lays
Been unto me! from high poetic bowers
I may not cull a wreath to speak thy praise;
But oh! my spirit exquisitely feels
That honour *should* adorn thy early tomb:
The pomp of marble to the proud appeals;
But be the *laurel there*, which shall for ever bloom.

ON HEARING A MOST INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF AN ORDINATION.

He came! the youthful candidate for fame—
Not that, false glimmering mortals fleeting praise;
But His, who can the haughty spirit tame,
And lowly excellence to honor raise,
And round unhonor'd brows twine bright immortal bays.

He came—and hearts in countenance most skill'd,
His polished gracefulness and worth confess'd:
Such lofty virtues his fine features fill'd;
And his pale cheek, and fair high brow express'd
Such tales of mental toil—of suffering and unrest.

And yet the tenderness, the fire of youth,
And vivid flashes of a sun-bright soul,
And gentle kindness, and ingenuous truth,
So soften'd down the sternness of control,
That fancy could a deed of milder acts unrol.

And with him knelt in that momentous hour,
The valued friends his love was fix'd upon—
The guardians of his youth, who pray'd with power,
And the companions of bright days long gone,
And *she*, whose heart and hand would soon be all his own.

Ah! there she knelt—that fair enthusiast! one
With eye of softest eloquence, and cheek,
Hueless as snowdrops! till the deep rich tone
Of him who loved her, breath'd the words that speak
Of lowliness to pride, and courage to the weak:

And then a rapturous tint—a fervent glow,
Brief and most lovely, o'er her features stole;
And her eye lost expression of all woe;
And soft emotions thrill'd her inmost soul,
Such as no words may paint—no human power control.

Yet angels might have view'd them; hearts there are
So exquisitely pure, that their love,
Though center'd on an object of earth's sphere,
Has less of this world than the world above—
A native of high realms, though destined here to rove.

'Twas but a moment's weakness! holiest thought
Came as her head and lowly spirit bow'd;
With hopes of heaven her gentle heart was fraught;
The sacred pageantry, the mingled crowd,
And all of earth was laid beneath oblivion's shroud.

And oh! when softly breath'd that strain sublime,
"Come, Holy Ghost, our waiting souls inspire!"
Rais'd were *his* thoughts beyond all dreams of time;
And firm resolves, and virtue's sacred fire
Glow'd brightly in his heart, and waken'd pure desire.

And those two gentle hearts were join'd in one;
And from the lov'd and good, to them so near,
They sought their distant heritage alone,
Far, far from city noise, and splendour's glare:
It was a soft green spot—their home—and oh, most dear!

What was their after fame? oh, ye attest,
Whose alter'd lives their fervent labors crown'd!
Ye, who have listen'd till your souls confess'd
There was a balm for sorrow's deepest wound,
In faith that works by love, such as in them was found.

TO MY MOTHER, ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

My mother! 'tis a household day,
Of *home* and *kindred* fame,
And I, with thee, would kneel and pray
Upon "our own hearth stane." *

* "*Stane*"—Scottish.

Ah! where is he who loved us both?
Beside our own church laid;
Far, far beneath the tempest's wrath,
And sorrow's deep'ning shade:

Yet, would I deem he waits beside
The joys that have beguiled;
And blesses thee, his early bride,
And me, his orphan child.

And where is he, whose mirth illumed!
Whose rich notes bade us weep!
On stranger lands he is entomb'd
And rests in dreamless sleep.

Like sear leaves o'er a desert way,
Some other forms are strown,
Whose voices on this joyous day
Were blended with thine own.

And she, to thee, to me, *so* dear,
Smiles now 'mid distant mirth—
Oh heaven! her future lot prepare,
And smooth her early path!

Familiar greetings are not here,
Nor love's remember'd tone:
Mother! the lingering hope and fear
I'll breath with thee alone.

Come! let us talk of other days;
'Tis Christmas time, you know!
And oh! the past has gorgeous rays,
Amid its clouds of woe.

Ah! it is told! the lengthened tale
Of happy by-gone years;
Till sobbing voices nearly fail—
Till eyes are steep'd in tears—

Till thy fond arms are round me thrown,
And on my brow are prest,
The kisses that are thine alone,
And I again am blest!

My mother! when thy form is laid
In future's silent path—
Mid pleasure's light—'mid sorrow's shade—
Mid weariness of earth—

The blessings thou so oft hast shed
Mid joys and griefs severe,
Upon thy too-lov'd darling's head,
Shall haunt my mental ear.

Like visions of a better land—
Like quiet to the sea—
Like angel music, softly bland,
Thy words shall come to me.

Oh! if I e'er have wished my path,
Had roses scattered there—
If I *too* well have loved the worth
Of hearts too wildly dear—

If flattering hopes and blissful scenes,
I dare not to pourtray,
Have lull'd me in Elysian dreams
Too beautiful to stay—

If I have waken'd from the spell
Of fancy's magic power,
To sigh a feverish farewell
To hope's last dying flower—

Yet, while my eye was wet with tears,
While anguish thrill'd my breast,
The blessings of thy latter years
Have hush'd my woes to rest.

And oh! when Christmas-day shall come
To me in distant year,
I'll think thy blessing's hallow'd tone
Falls sweetly on my ear.

1843.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

My father! from the cares of earth I come,
Awhile to linger by thy last, long home:
Not to complain with vain, offending grief,
Or seek in burning tears, a solace brief.

Oh! no, the light'ning flash, that wildly rent
My deep affection from its element—
That sear'd the branch with withering power—yet left
The leaf to live, though of its stay bereft,
No longer wakes grief's agonizing thrill;
The storm is past! the low voice breathes "be still:"
But, when my brow is fever'd—when my heart
Is sick with mortal strife and hollow art,
Hither, in thought I turn—and moonlit skies
And this loved spot, my feelings solemnize—
Bring back the *past*, till in a gorgeous dream,
Thou art to me again, what thou hast been!
Again, I lean on thy fond heart for rest,
And kind, warm kisses, on my brow are prest:
Our dear loved home (the stranger's dwelling now,)
Wears its remembered brightness! and the flow
Of mingled sounds, peculiar to that spot,
And words too tender e'er to be forgot,
And sage-like precepts with reflection fraught,
That strove to foster my young love for thought,
Are breathing in my ear; eyes that ne'er pained,
Where holy truth, and mental beauty reign'd,
Beam with affection on thy trusting child—
Tears break the blest illusion; and the wild,
The sad reality of truth, benumbs my heart,
I feel that crumbling dust, "is all thou art!"—
That I am left *alone*, to act my destined part.
Oh! then, some angel spirit hovering near,
Breathes, "sceptic mourner! wherefore linger here?
The desolated beacon-house is dark! the light

That lit it with effulgence, still is bright :"
Star of my hallowed love ! I turn to thee !
As to the sun, the orient devotee :
Oh blest immortal ! holy spirit ! say,
Art thou beside me in life's weary way,
My ministering angel ? oh ! if so,
My soul is lightened of its load of woe ;
Strangers know not the heart they praise, or blame,
In *echoed* sounds of censure, or high fame ;
But well its light and shade are known to thee !
And what *thou'st* have me, I would gladly be !
Oh ! tell me what my anxious spirit asks—
Have I with sacred love fulfil'd the tasks,
Which thou to me resign'd ? Oh ! have I e'er
Left e'en in thought, the objects of my care ?
Have I not strove *her* youthful steps to guide,
Who was thy latest solace and thy pride ?
And sought to strew *her* lonely path with flowers,
Whose love was blent with thine in youth's bright hours,
And aid bestow'd where grief its tempest pours ?
O ! if I e'er should falter—if my soul
Should lean to joy's voluptuous control,
When folly spreads her soul-seducing snare—
Or woes oppressive, tempt me to despair—
When cold distrust of motives, pure and high,
Call tears of haughty anguish to my eye—
Then let thy holy precepts, guardian kind,
Recur with swiftness to my erring mind !
Bid me perceive each dark and latent snare !
Whisper, fond heart, "of specious ills beware !"

Like holy angels, hover by my side,
And o'er each thought—each word—each deed preside.
Then should our path with pleasure's flowers be strown,
Or there, affliction's thorny plant be grown—
Life's trials o'er, and nature's faults forgiven—
The smile that cheer'd us here, shall welcome us in heaven!

TO ——— ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Dear one! I greet thee! and could language tell
The deep affection of thy sister's heart—
Draw pure affection from love's sacred well,
Then might I whisper, "how beloved thou art,"
And say what I would have thee. On this day,
For many, many happy years to come,
May pleasure's rainbow-tints adorn thy way,
And love's soft pinions shield thee from life's gloom!

Peace be with thy young spirit! heaven's own light
Within thy bosom—that directing ray
Which can thy youthful footsteps guide aright;
Bow to its dictates—for its guidance *pray!*
Then shall thy mind be hallow'd, and the glare
Of earth's best joys shall wither in thy view,
And thou shalt *feel* what shadows mortals are,
And while earth-bound, what shadows they pursue.

O! such I would not have thee; raise *thy* mind
To higher, holier objects. There is joy
In virtue's sacred path—a bliss refin'd,
That time, nor grief, nor rancour can destroy.
I would that nature's charms should prove to thee,
In solitude and sick'ning cares of earth,
What they have ever been, and are to me;
A chrystal river by a dusty path!

The gentleness, the purity, the peace,
That like a summer cloud surround her form,
Will lead thy thoughts to joys that cannot cease,
And teach thee what a bubble is pride's scorn:
O! therefore, let the morning's misty air,
And moonlit evening, find thee oft alone,
Musing amid her haunts—it will prepare
Thy wounded spirit for its coming gloom:

Will tell earth's favor is a flickering beam
Of April brightness, which, the faintest shades
Can banish;—an illusive gorgeous dream,
That cheats the sleeping vision, and then fades:
I would the gems of mind should be *thy* care;
Chaste learning's depthless founts, thy calm delight:
Then should the proud reject thee with a sneer,
Pure joys will bloom within, *they cannot* blight.

What! though they slight thee with a mindless scorn;
The noble—the refin'd—the good shall be
In gloom and sunshine, quietness and storm,
The soother of thy cares—thy company.
I may not *always* linger by thy side,
To teach—to soothe—to animate—to cheer;
Time will our clinging, fragile barks divide,
And we *apart*, our destined griefs must bear.

Then, when thy spirit faints, wilt thou not cast
One backward glance to these, our happy days?—
Think of our early love—of precepts past—
Of young affections spent in hallow'd praise—
Of what I'd have thee be—of gentle words,
Breathed to infuse fresh courage in thy heart—
And as remembrance those past hours records,
Look up, and pray for strength to act thy part?

Yes, when thy spirit faints; for steep the path
Of self-denying virtue; but high fame
And glory shall illume the brow of worth!
While careless, gaudy folly walks with shame:
And, trust me, love thy sinking hopes shall stay;
And sanctified affliction bid thee soar
Above earth's minor cares; and time's last day
Shall find us joined again—to part no more.

ON VISITING THE HALLS OF HOUGHTON, AND HOLKHAM.

TO THE KIND FRIENDS WHO CONFERRED ON ME THIS PLEASURE, THESE LINES ARE INSCRIBED.

Scenes of enchanting beauty! I must leave
All that in you is charming; light and shade—
Pictures and statues—grottoes—bowers, and streams:
But *never* shall the glowing colors fade,
Which ye have given to my fondest dreams;
Thought shall recall ye oft; then wherefore should I grieve?

Yes! fancy's hand shall lead me here again;
And such deep fascination has the power
Of high imagination—and so dear
To gentle hearts, the pleasing social hour,
In which we tell the *past* to hearts sincere,
That leaving what we love, is robb'd of half its pain.

Our life indeed is chequered; and 'tis said,
The beam of brightness and the cloud that lowers,
Appointed are by Him who rules above;
Whose eye surveys all times—whose hand strews flowers
Or thorns, as best may wake remembrance of His love:
Dark sceptic! thou mayst smile, but such is my blest creed.

And through the coming years—if such are mine—
If gay or saddened—often will I turn
In memory's annals, to the friends that made
This bright spot in my destiny; and thought shall burn
With gratitude to those, who lit the shade
Of heavy, heavy cares, with kindness so benign.

My eye with gazing wearies, and my heart,
Worn out with blest emotions, would *alone*
Think o'er what here hath charm'd me. "Where, oh! where"
It asks, "are those who here placed talent's throne?
The sculptor—artist—poet?" and a tear
Of humbled pride declares, "on earth, they've now no part."

Then, gifts the most ennobling—gifts that raise
The lowliest to the highest—that can write,
Bright deeds on time's firm parchment, and reveal
To visible conception, all the might
And power, and passion, lofty bosoms feel,
Cannot avert the doom that fixes mortal days!

Great Power divine! All-seeing One! that knows
The passionate idolatry of heart,
With which I love the treasures of the mind,
The glowing tints that talent can impart—
Impress upon my soul, that all refin'd
Is but a scanty rill, that from thy fountain flows:

Teach me, how vain are hopes that centre here,
However bright and soaring: that when past
All sublunary visions—when the spire
And "solemn temple" sink 'neath time's stern blast,
And chill'd in mortal hearts, is genius' fire—
I may to halls not made with hands, be heir.

ELIJAH AT THE BROOK CHERITH.

Child of grief, with sorrow bent
'Neath Jehovah's chastening stroke,
View Elijah's banishment,
At lone Cherith's babbling brook!

Hark! I hear no footsteps' sound;
See no lamp his eve illume;
All is silence most profound—
All is solitude and gloom.

Awful forests darkly frown;
Naked rocks uprear the head;
Is Elijah's couch of down?
No! the grass must be his bed!

Yet Elijah's joy is fervent,
Now all other streams are dried;
Lord, 'tis well, thy faithful servant
Should by mercy's fount reside!

Child of sorrow! hast thou never
Found, when all bright streams were gone,
One brook Cherith flowing ever
By thy desert path so lone?

Yes, I own, with deep emotion,
Such has ever flow'd for *me*,
When shut up the gates of ocean,
When despair no stream could see.

Still it flows, and whilst the fountain
Whence it flows can be descried;
May it flow, but when forgotten,
May brook Cherith, too, be dried.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS S—— L——

Oh death! while thousands mix in folly's train,
Who seem to reason almost made in vain,
Oh! could'st thou find no victim for thy dart,
But one so rich in nature and in art?—
None less endow'd with all the powers of mind?
No form less graceful, beauteous, and refined?
Compassion weeps and calls the deed unkind.

Who would not wish the countless charms to live,
Which beauty, worth, and education give?
Must they not mourn beside her early bier,
To whom those graces, and those gifts are dear?
And yet, since here the high aspiring soul
Meets constant storms, its virtues to control;
So much to dim its heaven-born radiant light,
Its powers to crush, its purest hopes to blight,
To chill the fervour of its seraph love,
And bid it languish for the joys above—
Shall we not own the solemn mandate right,
Which calls the spirit to the realms of light?
Shall we not hail her transit to that sphere,
And meekly pray that we may join her there?

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

The Most Noble the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Houghton Hall 1 *copy*, £1.
The Most Noble the Marquis of Cholmondeley 1 *copy*, £2.
Algar, Mrs. Rudham
Anonymous
Anderson, Mrs. Burcham
Adams, Mrs. R.
Bentinck, Lady Mary
Bentinck, Miss
Billing, Mrs. Holt 2 *copies*
Branford, Mrs. Brisley 2 *copies*
Branford, J. B. Esq. Oxwick
Bates, Mrs. March, Cambridgeshire
Bacon, Rev. Dr. Parsonage, Fring
Bacon, Mrs. ditto
Bullen, T. Esq. Lynn
Bayes, Mrs. F. Lynn
Buck, Rev. J. P. Great Snoring 2 *copies*
Burcham, Miss, Heacham
Benlis, F. Norwich
Bignold, J. Esq. ditto
Bircham, Mrs. Hempton
Butcher, Mrs. Raynham
Ball, Mrs. Broomsthorpe
Bland, Mr. Rudham
Blythe, Mrs. Massingham
Blythe, Mrs. W. ditto
Beck, J. E. Esq. Harpley
Burrel, Mrs. Flitchan
Bullen, Miss, Lynn
G. Bly, Mrs. Sedgeford
Burlingham, Mrs. Lynn
Boucher, Mr. Wisbeach
Bishop, Mrs. ditto

Blackburn, Mrs. Wisbeach
Barnes, Mr. Burnham
Beards, Mrs. F.
Beeston, Mrs. Burnham
Bloomfield, Mrs. Warham
Buck, Mrs. Stiffkey
Buck, Mrs. Langham
Brereton, Mrs. R. J. Blakeney
Boyce, Miss, Wiverton
Bacon, Mr. T. Cley
Bacon, Miss, Fakenham
Barnard, Mrs. Lynn
Brereton, Mrs. J. Brinton
Brereton, Mrs. S. Briningham
Bond, Rev. R. Briston
Blake, Rev. W. Thurning Hall
Blythe, Mr. G. Sedgeford
Campbell, Miss, Houghton Hall
Cresswell, Mrs. Lynn
Carter, Mrs. Lynn
Carter, Miss, Hunstanton
Clowes, Mrs. Snettisham
Calthorpe, Mrs. Stanhoe Hall
Cork, Miss, Creak
Cook, Mr. W. Norwich
Case, Miss, Testerton
Chambers, Mrs. Colkirk
Chadd, Sir Charles
Chamberlain, Miss
Coe, Mr. Sedgeford
Collins, Mrs. G. Wisbeach
Cottom, Mrs. Wisbeach
Cross, Rev. S. Leverington *2 copies*
Crofts, Miss, Wells
Copeman, Mr. Wells
Cotterill, Mrs. Blakeney
Crofts, Miss, Blakeney
Cremer, Rev. Beeston

Case, jun. Mr. C. Toft Trees
Case, Miss, Toft Trees
Cortello, Miss, London
Codd, Rev. C. Letheringsett
Cooper, Esq. F. N. Dereham
Durrant, Mr. William, Sandringham 4 *copies*
Davey, Capt. R. N. Ingoldisthorpe
Davy, Miss, Heacham
Dasbarrough, Mrs. Dersingham
Dewing, Mrs. Creak
Daw, Mr. B. Syderstone
Dent, Miss, Wisbeach
Dersley, Mrs. Snettisham
Dingle, Mrs. Cley
L'Estrange, Henry, Esq. Hunstanton Hall
L'Estrange, Mrs. ditto 2 *copies*
Edwards, Rev. E. Lynn
Everitt, Mrs. W. ditto
Easter, Miss, Creak
Elsden, Mrs. Lynn
England, Dr. Wisbeach
Eno, Mrs. ditto
Elvidge, Mr. ditto
Everitt, Miss, Burnham
Friend A 2 *copies*
Fitzroy, Rev. Ringstead
Francis, Rev. Stibbard
Fitzroy Mrs.
Freeman Mrs. Dersingham
Foster, Rev. Brancaster
Fisher, Miss L. Elmham
Goodwin, Mrs. C. Lynn
Gurney, D. Esq. Runcton
Goggs, Mrs. Creak
Griffs, Mrs. ditto
Gurney, Miss, Norwich
Gurney, Mrs. ditto
Gregory, Rev. Allott Tighe, Hunstanton

Griggs, Mrs. Appleton
Goddard, Mrs. Wisbeach
Girling, Mrs. Holt
Garthon, Mrs. Cromer
Gay, Mrs. Thurning Hall
Gay, Miss, ditto
Green, Rev. T. Fulmodestone
Gwyn, Rev. R. N. Woodnorton
Hopson, Mrs. Gressinghall
Hare, Rev. H. J. Docking Hall
Headley, Mrs. Snettisham
Hepworth, Mrs. Dersingham
Harvey, Lady, Thorpe — 2 *copies*
Hilton, Mrs. Lynn
Hilliard, Miss, ditto
Holditch, Mrs. ditto
Holmes, Rev. W. Wisbeach
Hargreeve, Mr. T. ditto
Hogge, Mrs. Thornham
Hurrell, Mrs. Burnham
Hopson, Mr. ditto
Howard, Mr. W. Stiffkey
Hervey, Mrs. Cockthorpe
Hudson, Rev. Marston
Harris, Mrs. Holt
Hall, Mrs. J. Thorpeland Hall
Hardy, Mrs. Cozens, Letheringsett
Hill, Mr. J. Gressinghall
Ives, Miss, Appleton
Jarvis, L. W. Esq. Lynn — 1 *copy*, 10s.
Jex, Mrs. Isaac, Thorpe
Jarett, Mrs. Bircham
Johnson, Miss, Wisbeach
Judd, Mrs. Wells
Jarvis, Mrs. Wighton
Jackson Miss
Kerbell, Miss, Dereham
Kent, Mrs. E. Fakenham

Keliere, J. Esq. Norwich
Kepple, Mrs. Warlam
Loftus, Mrs. Billingford Hall — 1 *copy*, £1.
Lloyd, Miss, Bawdeswell Hall
Leicester, Rt. Hon. the Countess of, Holkham Hall — 2 *copies*
Lane, Mr. I. Norwich
Laury, Mrs. Wisbeach
Lefever, Mr. G. M. Wisbeach
Lloyd, Miss E. ditto
Long, Mrs. Dereham
Leach, Rev. W. Dersingham
Masters, J. Esq. Lynn
Moyce, Mrs. ditto
Moxem, Rev. Sandringham
Manby, Mrs. Rudham
Mann, Miss, Runton
Mugridge, Mrs. Lynn
Monument, Mrs. ditto
Metcalf, Mrs. C. Wisbeach
Metcalf, Mrs. W. ditto
Mingay, Miss, Thornham
Mack, Mrs. J. Burnham
Mack, Miss, Burnham
Moore, Mrs. Cley
Massingham, Mrs. G. Holt
Massingham, Miss, ditto
Muskett, Mrs. ditto
North, Miss, Ringstead — 1 *copy*, 6*s*.
Norgate, Mrs. W. Heacham
Norwich, Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of — 1 *copy*, 10*s*.
Nichols, Miss, London
Nurse, Mrs. Bircham Tofts
Oxley, W. Esq. Wisbeach
Opie, Mrs. Norwich — 1 *copy*, 10*s*.
Oakes, Lieut. Col. East Dereham
Pulleyne, Rev. B. Holt
Pope, Miss, March, Cambridgeshire
Parke, Miss, Dereham

Paul, Mrs. B. Parsonage, Fring
Paul, Miss, ditto
Paul, Mr. B. H. Fakenham
Plattin, J. Esq. Lynn
Partridge, Mrs. F. ditto
Palmer, Mrs. Yarmouth
Pigge, J. Esq. Heacham
Peachey Mrs.
Packe, Col. Twyford
Phayre, Rev. Raynham
Peatling, Mr. T. Wisbeach
Peckover, Susan, ditto
Phillips, Mrs. M. E. ditto
Palmer, Mrs. J. B. ditto
Pashley, Mr. Holt
Powel, Mrs. Wighton
Page, Mrs. Stiffkey
Parke, Mrs. Holt
Phillips, Mrs. Cromer
Parkerson, Miss, Dereham
Rolfe, Rev. S. C. E. N. Heacham Hall — 4 *copies*
Rolfe, Mrs. Charles Neville, Sedgeford Hall
Reeve, Mrs. Manor House, Brancaster
Raven, Mrs. Rudham
Rix, Mrs. G. Sedgeford
Rix, Mr. J. ditto
Rix, Mr. J. jun. ditto
Robins, Miss, Wisbeach
Read, Miss, H. Burnham
Redhead, Mrs. Bircham
Riley, Mrs. Capt. Wells
Read, Miss A. Wighton
Rippingall, Mrs. Langham
Rouse, Mrs. Holt
Rudd, Mr. Cley
Reed, Mrs. I. S. Lynn
Rix, Mrs. Thurning
Styleman, Mrs. Hunstanton Lodge

Sondes, the Rt. Hon. Lady, Elmham Hall — 1 *copy*, 10*s*.
Stedman, Mrs. Helhoughton
Smeatham, Mrs. Lynn
Swatman, W. Esq. Lynn
Spanton, Mrs. John, Hunstanton
Sharpe, Mrs. Sunderland
Seppings, Mrs. Creak
Savory, Mrs. Syderstone
Steward, Rev. J. Syderstone Parsonage
Seppings, Miss, White Hall
Spurgeon, Mrs. J. Twyford
Scott, Mrs. J. Colney Hall
Sudbury, Mrs. Ringstead
Spinks, Miss, Snettisham
Swansborough, Mrs. J. Wisbeach
Squire, Mrs. W. ditto
Smith, Mrs. H. ditto
Shawl, Mrs. Burnham
Spencer, Mrs. ditto
Savory, Mrs. L. ditto
Starling, Miss, Burnham
Sparham, Mrs. Blakeney
Springfield, Mrs. Catton
Sedgwick, Miss, Liverpool
Simpson Mrs.
Suary, Mrs. Wisbeach
Tudor, Mrs. Houghton Hall
Thomlinson, Mrs. Catton — 1 *copy*, 10*s*.
Terrington Mr.
Thompson Miss A. F.
Turner, Mrs. Tatterford Rectory
Thompson, Mrs. Burnham
Thomas, Mrs. Marston
Townshend, Lady James
Thornton Mrs.
Upcher, the Hon. Mrs. Sherringham
Usell, Mrs. Wisbeach
Ulph, Mrs. Titchwell

Upjohn, Rev. Dowling
Upcher, Rev. Arthur, Sherringham
Ulph Mrs.
Vicars, Mrs. Barton
Vincent Mrs. Lucy, Yaxham
Ward, Mrs. March, Cambridgeshire
Warner, Rev. James Lee, Walsingham
Warner, Mrs. Lee, Walsingham Abbey,
Whisker, Miss, Holkham
Witty, Mr. Snettisham
Wright, Rev. H. Heacham
Watson, George, Esq. Fakenham
Wright, Mrs. Stanhoe
Wright, Mrs. R. Norwich
Whiteman, Mrs. Rudham
Wassel, Miss, Hunstanton
Wells, Mrs. Sedgeford
Williams, Mrs. J. C. Lynn
Wetherhead, Mrs. ditto
Warth, Mrs. ditto
Whiting, Mrs. ditto
Whitley Miss
Wilett, Mr. C.
Whitsed, Miss, Wisbeach
Ward, The Misses, ditto
Waddington, Mr. ditto
Wright, Mrs. J. ditto
Waters, Mrs. G. Holkham
White, Miss, Wells
Wells, Mrs. Dowling
Windham, Capt. Cromer
Webb, J. M. Esq. Letheringsett
Wood, Mr. D. Dereham

FINIS.

Jarrold and Sons, Printers, London Street, Norwich.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9–50*m*-7,'54(5990)444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 378 064 0